

CONFLAGRATION. 211

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P O E M

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O U R P A R T S.

B Y

BENJAMIN FRANCIS.

I will sing of Mercy and Judgment. Psalm ci. 1.

Y O R K:

PRINTED BY CRASK AND LUND, LOW-DOUSEGATE.

MDCCLXXXV.

COMMERCIAL BANK

NEW YORK

1870

RECEIVED

PAID

TO THE ORDER OF

THE BANK OF NEW YORK

CONFLAGRATION.

P A R T I.

BRITANNIA, rouse! awake! nor longer dream
Of peace in guilt, of dignity in shame.
Drunk with Mirth's cup, and lull'd with Pleasure's
charms,

Long hast thou slept in Vice's iron arms.
Up'spring, undraw the curtain, look around!
See Judgment kindle! hear Damnation sound!
Tremendous Vengeance thunders in thine ear,
And o'er thine eye-balls shakes her glitt'ring spear.
Behold the world from pole to pole in flames!
The mountains melted into fiery streams!
Behold the rending rocks—the heaving tomb—
The rising dead—the dreadful day of doom—
The Judge supreme—th' innumerable throng
Of ghastly pris'ners drag their chains along—
The good in bliss—the bad in burning woe!
These in the mirror of my verse I show.

O THOU, whose fiat gave creation birth,
Whose nod sustains or sinks suspending earth;
Whose fingers bowl the rolling orbs along;
Whole starry hosts th' ethereal regions throng;
Whose rays of glory dart extatic fire
To angel breasts, and angel breasts inspire:
Oh! deign to beam a spark of heav'nly glow
On me, an atom of mean dust below,
And to my eyes thy grace and grandeur show.
Oh! aid my flight, frail insect of a day,
Beyond these worlds doom'd to fierce flames a prey.

Fain would I rest within thy courts on high,
 While sun, moon, stars, earth, time, and nature die!
 There would I view at my Redeemer's side
 The globes beneath float on the fiery tide,
 And bless the refuge where I joyful hide.
 That dreadful day assist me now to sing,
 And in each strain praise THEE, th' eternal King!
 With light celestial my dark mind inspire,
 Warm my cold bosom with seraphic fire;
 And Oh! direct me in my dubious way
 Through future scenes, by Revelation's ray.

Foreboding signs, alarming sights appear,
 To show the world's vast dissolution near.
 The fount of Day emits a jetty flood,
 The lamp of Night appears as quench'd in blood.
 A solemn silence and a dismal gloom
 Portend dumb hypocrites more dismal doom.—
 Now peals of thunder through the concave sound,
 And flaming plowshares tear the stubborn ground:
Those the dread sentence, *these* the speedy woe
 Of bold offenders, awfully foreshow.
 Old trembling Sinai now asunder rends,
 And to the plains his nodding summit bends;
 Th' eternal hills and antient mountains quake,
 And dire convulsions Earth's deep centre shake:
 Volcanos kindle; furious tempests fly;
 And foaming oceans lash the lowering sky.

In ether high, beyond the lofty spheres,
 The sov'reign Judge of earth and hell appears:
 A blazing brightness dazzling th' eyes of Day
 Surrounds his chariot, and directs his way.
 Creation sickens; stars and suns expire;
 The frighted heav'ns before his face retire.
 Swift He descends from realms serene and bright,
 Where suns ne'er set, where shines eternal light.
 Angelic hosts around him, flaming, fly,
 And fiery chariots throng the spacious sky.
 Through heav'n, and earth, and hell, the trumpets sound;
 Heav'n shouts, earth shakes, hell trembles all around.
 Ye scoffers, now behold the promis'd morn!
 Behold the Judge, and feel his vengeance burn!

All human eyes with consternation gaze
 On the bright clouds which round his chariot blaze,
 While trembling crowds loud lamentations raise.

Exploring Science lays her tube aside,
 And Art neglects her profits and her pride.
 The busy wheels of Labour move no more;
 Gay Pleasure fades, and Folly's plays are o'er.
 Mirth, songs, and dancing, change to solemn sighs,
 And midnight revels close in doleful cries.
 Dominion, grandeur, dignity, and fame,
 Earth's mighty things, are now an empty name.
 Kings, 'midst the crowd, are lost on level ground,
 And crowns and thrones are but a senseless found.
 Delusive Vice, of each pernicious kind,
 Sheds all her flow'rs, but leaves her thorn behind.
 Tenacious Av'rice mourns her parting god,
 While stern Oppression drops her iron rod.
 Here, proud Ambition low'rs her haughty eyes,
 There, roaring Laughter in sad horror dies:
 Mad Drunkards quit their bottle and their song,
 And strangely falters the Blaspheming tongue:
 Now shameless Whoredom blushes and retreats,
 And Murder trembles at her bloody feats.

Alarm'd! aghast! the foul and faithless fly
 A thousand ways t' appease the threat'ning sky.
 Some drop the card, and catch the page divine;
 Some to loud oaths a faint petition join;
 Some read their prayers, but chance to read the wrong;
 And crowds the temple and the altar throng:
 Some to the long-neglected priest repair
 For absolution, but with priests despair:
 Some to the saints their supplications make,
 But can't, alas! their sleeping gods awake:
 Some sacrifice their bullocks and their sheep;
 Some at the feet of a deaf idol weep:
 Some plunge incessant in the briny tide;
 Some maim their limbs, and scourge their mangled side:
 Some call aloud on diabolic names;
 Some fling their babes to the voracious flames.
 But all in vain! the Judge approaches nigh,
 And wrath divine burns down the rending sky!
 The crackling clouds and boundless ether blaze!
 And now arrives the awful DAY of days!
 Tremendous scene! Eternity descends!
 Time quits his throne, and Nature's empire ends.

Dread, consternation, horror, and despair,
 Distort the count'nance of the blooming fair—
 Of bold commanders—of heroic kings—
 Of all, unscreen'd by Heav'n's eternal wings.
 Proud monarchs tremble, howl, despair, blaspheme,
 And curse their being with their Maker's name.
 Courageous captains, chiefs, and cong'rors call,
 "Ye trembling rocks and mountains on us fall,
 "And from the Judge hide our obnoxious head
 "A thousand leagues beneath the deepest dead."

While gloomy Horror whelms the guilty crew,
 The righteous nation, Mercy's favour'd few,
 Their glorious King with joy triumphant view.
 (So Goshen sang beneath a gladsome light,
 While Egypt howl'd beneath a tenfold night.)
 The chosen tribes their bitter bondage end—
 View their redemption with their Judge descend—
 Bid final farewell to their furious foes—
 Cease from their labours—and forget their woes.
 Hark! how they welcome their Redeemer down,
 And shout their Lord to his terrestrial throne!
 "Hail! blissful morn! hail brightest, dearest Day!
 "The Sun eternal sheds thy deathless ray!
 "Thy brilliant beams permit us to behold
 "Our SAVIOUR shine, array'd in orient gold.
 "Lo! HE is come!—HE's come! EMMANUEL's come!
 "(Now we shall mount to our ethereal home!)
 "How fair His feet! more bright than burning brags!
 "How glory flames in His majestic face!
 "What dazzling splendor crowns His blessed brow!
 "His hair appears more white than falling snow.
 "See round Him rapid vehicles of love,
 "To bear us joyful to the realms above.
 "O welcome! welcome! sweetest fairest friend!
 "Now heav'n begins, now all our sorrows end.
 "Long have we waited, pray'd, and wept aloud,
 "To see Thee riding on the flying cloud:
 "Oft have we cry'd, (and dropt the trickling tear)
 "When will our Lord—our Love—our Life appear?
 "But now our tears are chang'd to streams of joy,
 "And ceaseless songs our tuneful tongues employ.
 "Thy smiles transport us to a quenchless flame
 "Of blissful love to Thine adored name.

CONFLAGRATION.

7

“ Now bid us glorious and immortal rise,
 “ To meet Thee coming in the lofty skies,
 “ And near Thee shine in a celestial robe,
 “ While indignation burns this guilty globe.”

Ere the fierce flames of Conflagration rage,
 To slay the actors, and consume the stage;
 The righteous Lord in chariots lin'd with love,
 Conveys the Just to peaceful seats above.
 Soon as the clouds of his appearance spread,
 And the trump thunders universal dread;
 The living saints, in extacies of joy,
 Commence immortal, and new powers employ—
 Change, quick as thought, to a celestial shape—
 Elijah-like the dart of Death escape—
 And with the blessed Dead ascend on high,
 To meet their Lord in the empyreal sky.
 The gloomy vault, the urn, the solemn dome,
 The clatt'ring charnel, and the rending tomb,
 The spacious land, and the unbounded main—
 The rescu'd prey of vanquish'd Death resign.
 Beneath proud persecutors bloody feet,
 The Martyrs sacred ashes move and meet:
 Stern Tyrants tremble at their rising Slaves,
 And long to hide in their deserted graves.
 The deep death-wound, the gore, the sever'd head,
 And mangled limbs of the once-tortured Dead,
 Surprise and torture their tormentors soul,
 Who wail with anguish, and with horror howl.
 The rising Dead appear in forms divine;
 And (glorious change!) as bright as angels shine.
 The pious dust! how alter'd! how refin'd!
 A perfect mansion for the perfect mind!
 Once vile, corruptible, and mortal, sown,
 Now potent, glorious, and immortal, grown!
 Each form appears with god-like beauty crown'd;
 Nor blemish seen, nor imperfection found;
 Nor seem'd the first, the happiest, purest pair,
 In native brightness so divinely fair:
 Peculiar glories o'er each count'nance spread,
 And all resemble their exalted Head.

Mean-time, the sons of ruin dread their doom,
 With terror tremble, and with fury foam:

Guilt, pride, and anger, in their bosom burn,
 And their foul joys to fiery torments turn.
 The thoughtless croud, the unbelieving crew,
 The scoffing Deist, the blaspheming Jew,
 The hypocrite on some exalted seat,
 The proud, the wanton, and the impious great,
 Behold with wild amazement and despair,
 The ransom'd host ascend the shining air,
 And hear them triumph as they climb the sky,
 O'er captive Death, their final enemy,
 And conquer'd tombs which now in ruins lie;
 While their vile carcases remain below,
 To sink with torture, and expire in woe.
 Nor towers can save, nor gloomy caves conceal,
 The guilty millions from the wrath they feel.

Bright, like the flaming orb which kindles day,
 EMMANUEL shines, but with a brighter ray:
 Like radiant stars the righteous round Him rise,
 From pole to pole, t' attend Him down the skies.
 Angelic legions on cherubic wings,
 Descend from realms where endless glory springs.
 The elder sons of light the younger meet,
 Around their great eternal Father's feet;
 Nor absent one beloved chosen child,
 Or e'er immaculate, or once defil'd.
 Blest saints bright angels joyfully embrace,
 Nor longer dread a seraph's flaming face.
 JEHOVAH smiles on all the mingled host.
 Redeem'd with blood, adorn'd with robes divine,
 They next their Lord in peerless splendor shine.
 O glorious meeting! O transporting sight!
 O blissful day! O ravishing delight!
 Ne'er shone before a morning half so bright.
 Joy, wonder, praise, and heavenly love abound,
 And distant skies with exultation sound.
 Saints of all ages, of all nations join,
 In the loud triumph, and the shout divine:
 From east and west, from north and south they fly,
 From every land beneath the boundless sky.
 Now Adam views his ransom'd seed around,
 Dress'd in perfection, and with glory crown'd.
 Seth, Abel, Enoch, and their righteous race,
 With joy behold the last-born sons of grace.

Sweet Jonathan and charming David meet,
In deathless friendship, and in bliss complete.
Apostles, prophets, patriarchs, priests, and kings,
Who spoke, and wrought, and bore surprising things,
Transported, join in everlasting praise,
Loud and melodious as seraphic lays.
Meek Moses and Elijah, Peter hears
Relate the wonders of their ancient years.
Blest Paul beholds his dear Ephesian friends ;
Their joy abounds, and mutual weeping ends.
The saints who mix'd their tears and groans below,
Mingle their pure eternal pleasures now.
Divided friends unite in lasting love ;
And various sects but *one* compose above.
The firm defenders of the sacred page,
Asunder rent by Persecution's rage ;
EMMANUEL'S sheep, by faithful pastors fed,
Who for the name of their Redeemer bled,
Convene triumphant on celestial plains,
To praise the Lamb in everlasting strains.

But lo! while Heav'n's redeem'd ascend and sing,
Earth's trembling hills with hideous howlings ring.
Alas! the groans, the doleful groans and cries
That load the air, and rend the distant skies!
The piercing screams of wild despairing crowds,
And dying millions, stun the thund'ring clouds.
So at the flood Heav'n's windows open'd wide,
And the great Deep pour'd forth his rapid tide ;
So burning sulphur down the ether streams,
And loud volcanoes belch tremendous flames.
Outrageous, Etna and Vesuvius roar,
And pour their vengeance o'er the trembling shore :
Storms of red cinders, and vast spreading smoke,
The Beast demolish, and his kingdom choke.
Behold the flaming deluge rage and swell,
And earth commenc'd a temporary hell!
Where the corn flourish'd—or the lily grew—
Or herbage suck'd th' exhilarating dew—
Or careless thriv'd the unfrequented wood—
Or gladdening trees bow'd with delicious food—
Or feeble vines their bending branches spread—
Or stately cedars rais'd their towering head—

Fades the young blossom, drops the blasted fruit,
 Dies every leaf, and withers every root.
 Where spicy groves the wafting air perfum'd,
 Or roses blow'd, or fragrant orchards bloom'd,
 Prevails a horrid suffocating smell,
 Foul and sulphureous as the stench of hell.
 Where smiling plains their verdant charms disclos'd,
 Or lofty hills their gloomy brows expos'd,
 Smoke, fire, and vapour, in huge clouds are seen,
 Nor one fair prospect intervenes between.
 Beast, bird, and fish, and ev'ry tribe that breathe,
 In air, on earth, or in the deep beneath,
 With countless myriads of the human race,
 O'er all the kindling globe's extensive face,
 Ah, dreadful scene! midst the tremendous fire,
 In one vast general sacrifice expire!
 The works of curious or stupendous form,
 Rais'd to defy th' artillery of Storm—
 Proud pyramids—the sepulchres of kings,
 Where Art luxuriant hoards her antique things—
 The seat of Science, where Britannia stores,
 Productions rare, for which the sage explores
 Remotest ages, and remotest shores—
 Towns—cities—temples—palaces—and tow'rs,
 The universal fiery flood devours!
 Strong Nature's forts next the red billows raze;
 The flow'ry vales and sylvan forests blaze!
 The solemn Cedar, and the lofty Pine,
 And stubborn Oak, their blasted heads decline,
 And crash, and burn, and melt th' adjacent mine.
 Rocks fly, hills leap, wide-yawning caverns roar,
 Flames upward burst, and rivers downward pour.
 The horned peaks which pierc'd the passing cloud,
 Push furious at each other, bellowing loud:
 The elements dissolve with fervent heat,
 And distant mountains in vast torrents meet:
 The towering Alps are tumbled to the sea;
 The ocean boils; the islands melt away:
 The tortur'd Earth's eternal pillars bend,
 Her centre cracks, her bars asunder rend,
 Her fiery entrails in huge floods ascend;
 Her burnings cast a dreadful light around,
 Her thund'ring groans thro' heav'n's high roof resound.

The curling flames entwine the frozen poles,
And the vast world in blazing sulphur rolls.
While lo! the swift-ascending flakes sublime,
The distant summit of creation climb;
And meeting planetary orbs on high,
Spread devastation through the boundless sky.
Air, fire, and water, oft at war before,
Contend tremendous for despotic pow'r,
And unknown globes stand trembling at their roar.
Thus must foul Earth be purified with fire!
Thus must her hosts in burning seas expire!
Thus must her dust, which drank her MAKER'S BLOOD,
Be wash'd away beneath a flaming flood!

While the Supreme his dreadful ire displays,
And wraps the world in one surrounding blaze;
While Earth's apostates in her bosom burn,
And dire seducers home to hell return;
Heaven's faithful subjects sing their glorious LORD,
His bleeding love, and His victorious sword—
Joy in his reign o'er each exalted name—
Applaud his vengeance—and his grace proclaim.
(So Israel sang, and spread their joys around,
While all their foes were in deep ocean drown'd.)
From lofty realms with joy the victors view
The desert burn, where once their sorrows grew.—
The vales on fire, where stream'd their tears and blood—
The fields in flames, where Satan's standard stood—
Nor longer feel for their blaspheming foes,
While burning clefts their carcases inclose.
So righteous Lot, preserv'd from Sodom's shame,
And Sodom's ruin, view'd her distant flame.
Just Noah, Daniel, Moses, Samuel, Job,
No longer plead for the abandon'd globe;
Nor Abraham prays for mocking Ishmael more,
And David's grief for Absalom is o'er.
Good Paul with pleasing approbation views
Fierce vengeance fall on unbelieving Jews.
All supplications for the sinners cease,
And praise alone surrounds the *throne of grace*:
Nor Pity weeps, nor Sorrow heaves a sigh,
While Justice reigns, and daring rebels die.
On crystal hills where springs perpetual light,
Where never rolls the jetty tide of Night;

Where smoke, and clouds, and vapours ne'er ascend,
 The sons of day feast with their glorious friend,
 Imbibing gladness at the fount supreme,
 Where life, and love, and joys eternal stream.
 Thence they behold unnumber'd leagues below,
 The fiery Deluge earth's proud alps o'erflow;
 And rocks, and mountains, continents, and all,
 Promiscuous whirl around the rending ball.
 Thus, long they on the Conflagration gaze:—
 At length subsides the universal blaze,
 The raging fire, the fierce-ascending flame,
 The tow'ring smoke, and the wide-wand'ring steam.

P A R T II.

THE former earth dissolv'd in distant smoke,
 A new appears, as heav'n-taught Peter spoke;
 Where constant dwells unspotted righteousness,
 Joy, freedom, love, and pure celestial peace;
 Than paradise more fragrant, fair, and blest,
 Nor serpents there the flow'ry ground infest.
 Each weed and thorn, each rav'nous bird and brute,
 With ev'ry kind of Sin's pernicious fruit;
 All pains, diseases, dangers, wants, and woes,
 Heat, cold, and darkness, (fallen Nature's foes)
 The low'ring Tempest, and proud Ocean's roar,
 Rain, vapor, snow, and hail—are known no more.
 There glad some hills in sweet gradations rise;
 There verdant vallies charm immortal eyes;
 There fragrant groves the blissful realms perfume,
 And lovely plains smile in eternal bloom:
 Perpetual streams of purest pleasures flow;
 Trees of delight, and deathless lilies grow,
 And ruby-rocks of lasting glories glow.
 Divine effulgence, infinitely bright,
 Excludes all gloom, and pours incessant light;
 And all the beauties that a world can wear,
 Or nature yield, unfading flourish there.
 Nor earth alone is splendidly adorn'd;
 The heav'ns, which at her dissolution mourn'd,
 Rejoice around, and their best robes display,
 To solemnize their MAKER's nuptial day.

Near, as suppos'd, where antient Salem stood,
Where Zion's King hang on the cursed wood,
Appears the fair, the new Jerusalem,
Founded on gold, and built of brilliant gem.
Her vast extent twelve thousand furlongs square;
Her length, and breadth, and height all equal are:
Twelve kinds of gems her dazzling wall adorn;
Twelve kinds of gems in twelve foundations burn:
Twelve glitt'ring pearls compose her flaming gates,
And at each gate a shining angel waits.
No sun by day she needs, nor moon by night;
GOD and the LAMB are her perpetual light:
JEHOVAH's smiles shed on her endless day;
JEHOVAH's hand wipes all her tears away:
So brightly there JEHOVAH's glory beams,
So largely there JEHOVAH's favour streams.
The sacred place but one vast temple seems,
The sacred time a sabbath each esteems:
GOD is her temple, there with men HE dwells,
And ev'ry part with his glad presence fills.
A river springing from the throne of God,
Rolls thro' the place its pure transparent flood;
Midst groves of myrrh and streets of gold it glides,
And living fruit hangs bending by its sides:
Its crystal streams in thousand branches spread,
And glowing gladness thro' the city shed:
Each god-like monarch, emperor, and king,
Their wealth, and crowns, and glory thither bring:
Thither th' unclean with no admission meets,
Nor feet defil'd e'er tread the golden streets:
The holy nations, sav'd by grace divine,
Walk in her light, and in her brightness shine;
Nor sin, nor shame, nor sorrow, death, or pain,
E'er pall their pleasure, or their beauty stain.
The heav'nly Adam, and his royal race,
Reside and reign in the resplendent place:
The saints as Queen, the LORD of life as King,
Thither descended on cherubic wing:
A thousand years extends their blissful reign,
While Satan howls beneath his pond'rous chain,
In the deep lake of ever-burning woe,
With each subordinate infernal foe.

But Oh! the grandeur of the reigning God,
 The golden scepter, and the iron rod,
 The throne of Justice, and the crown of Peace,
 The frowns of Vengeance, and the smiles of Grace!
 Ten thousand thousand flaming angels stand
 Around his throne to wait his high command:
 His radiant glories, human and divine,
 Thro' his blest reign, and boundless empire shine.
 His friends, who once his paths of suff'ring trod,
 Are reigning kings, and holy priests of God;
 Each bright, immoveable, and spacious throne,
 Th' eternal SOV'REIGN places near his own:
 Resplendent robes th' exulting bands adorn,
 Their weighty crowns with glitt'ring glories burn:
 They feast on fruits celestial and divine,
 And drink the juice of Heav'n's immortal vine:
 Unwith'ring palms of vict'ry round them rise,
 And joy triumphant sparkles in their eyes.
 The sounding organ and the trembling wire,
 The silver trumpet and the golden lyre,
 With ev'ry martial and melodious sound,
 Proclaim their joy, and spread their triumph round;
 While hallelujahs and perpetual praise,
 Soft as the lute, loud as the roaring seas,
 Harmonious anthems and celestial songs,
 Mellifluous flow on all their warbling tongues.

Thus they begin their everlasting song:

- ' To Thee, almighty KING of kings! belong
- ' Eternal self-existence infinite—
- ' Tremendous majesty—unbounded might—
- ' Omniscient wisdom—immortality—
- ' Supreme dominion—peerless purity—
- ' Unfully'd justice—saving love and grace—
- ' Inviolable truth—and never-ending praise.

- ' Thy potent hand, O everlasting God,
- ' Earth's pillars rear'd, and spread the heav'ns abroad,
- ' All worlds and things in the beginning made,
- ' And vast creation still upheld and sway'd.
- ' Large beyond bound, and numberless as sand,
- ' Are the bright orbs which roll at Thy command;
- ' But greater far, and more stupendous still,
- ' Are the bright counsels of Thy gracious will.

' Ere THOU didst bid the mighty mountains rise,
 ' Or ocean swell, or vapor climb the skies,
 ' Or flaming globes thro' boundless ether blaze,
 ' Or elder angels sing Thy ceaseless praise,
 ' Or ere THOU gav'st the old creation birth—
 ' Thy dear delights were with the sons of earth;
 ' Thine early love did in Thy bosom burn,
 ' And eyes of tenderness toward them turn.
 ' Antient of Days! THOU saw'st with thoughts of peace
 ' The guilty pair hide from JEHOVAH's face:
 ' Thine arm prevented Death's immediate stroke,
 ' And to the man thus Thy compassion spoke:
 "Adam! where art thou? and why hidest thou
 ' Thyself from GOD beneath the shading bough?
 ' Hast thou transgress'd thy Maker's great command,
 ' And swallow'd poison from the Tempter's hand?
 ' O wretched man! O wretched woman too!
 ' With all your race involv'd in guilt and woe!
 ' Stern angels wave their flaming sword around
 ' The tree of life, and threaten mortal wound;
 ' Sin, pain, and death, voracious on you feed,
 ' And hell pursues you, and your num'rous seed:
 ' But I to save adopted sons will join
 ' Your nature human to my own divine;
 ' Will act an able Mediator's part,
 ' And pour atonement from my bleeding heart:
 ' Yes, with my own divinely precious blood
 ' I'll reconcile them to their smiling GOD;
 ' And while the serpent wounds my harmless heel,
 ' His guilty head a fatal bruise shall feel."
 ' Thus spake Thy love, thus Thy compassion will'd!
 ' Love promis'd—and Omnipotence fulfill'd.
 ' Yes, wond'rous FRIEND! Thou lovedst us while lost,
 ' And Thy dear life our great salvation cost:
 ' For us THOU gav'st Thyself a sacrifice;
 ' No blood but Thine, O JESUS, could suffice.
 ' Yes, THOU the Just, for us th' unjust hast born
 ' The curse, the cross, the torture, and the scorn!
 ' Hast dy'd to save the guilty, the undone,
 ' And rais'd us, rebels, to thy shining throne!
 ' These crowns of glory which our heads adorn,
 ' Cost Thee sharp pain beneath a crown of thorn:

' These robes refulgent in Thy blood were dy'd ;
 ' Our blissful life flow'd from Thy pierced side :
 ' From Thee our vast eternal pleasures stream ;
 ' Eternal praise to Thine eternal name.'

Thus the Redeem'd begin their endless song,
 While bliss transporting tunes each quav'ring tongue.
 A thousand years they sing, and celebrate
 The various wonders of their former state :
 While seas of mirth succeed their tears below,
 And sparks of grace are flames of glory now.
 Thus, purged earth diviner pleasures yields
 Than Adam reap'd in all his flow'ry fields ;
 Nor grew such joys in Eden's blissful ground
 As thro' this fairer paradise abound.

Mean-while, his eyes the Dragon thither turns,
 And with revenge and indignation burns ;
 Curses and rattles his enormous chain,
 Raves, foams, and lashes the infernal main ;
 Blasphemes the name, and dares the potent arm
 Of the SUPREME, and sounds a loud alarm
 'Mong the foul fiends in gloomy hell confin'd,
 Whether of human or angelic kind,
 And thus proceeds : ' Ye mighty potentates !
 ' My faithful, constant, and immortal mates !
 ' Long have we roll'd in this tormenting lake,
 ' While our blest foes of ceaseless joys partake :
 ' Nor have we once made an attempt in form
 ' To break our prison, and their city storm :
 ' Tho' strong our chains, and high the walls of hell,
 ' And, tho' we once were routed, who can tell
 ' But by our courage, constancy, and skill,
 ' We may escape, and stalk in freedom still ;
 ' These irons break—these walls of steel destroy—
 ' Climb yonder glitt'ring hills—the saints annoy—
 ' Raze their fair city—and their Prince dethrone—
 ' And ever reign victorious and alone ?
 ' Long have I rul'd, amazing scenes have seen,
 ' And worlds subdu'd, tho' gods oppos'd between :
 ' You, ancient angels of celestial light !
 ' I nobly led great Michael's host to fight ;
 ' And though repuls'd, we bravely fighting fell
 ' Off heav'n's high tow'rs, and still have reign'd in hell ;

' Nor have we since one heav'n-born subject lost,
 ' But glorious conquests of wide realms we boast :
 ' And peradventure we may yet regain
 ' The lands we lost when conqu'ring Death was slain.
 ' Now, my brave Warriors! let us all unite
 ' Our dauntless courage, policy, and might,
 ' To burst these bonds—our former freedom gain—
 ' Invade yon orb where joy and glory reign—
 ' And drag those forms, which shine in radiant light,
 ' To these black regions of eternal night.'
 To which old proud Ahithophel replies ;
 ' Sov'reign of Hell, magnanimous and wise!
 ' We, thy true subjects of the race of man,
 ' Admire thy motion, and applaud thy plan ;
 ' But by thy royal leave we would propose
 ' The fittest season to attack our foes.
 ' By old predictions in the page divine,
 ' We understand that the Supreme will join
 ' Our deathless spirits to our scatter'd dust,
 ' And judge us guilty, and his subjects just :
 ' Yes, those exalted fav'rites of their Lord,
 ' Shall judge you, angels, though as gods ador'd ;
 ' And this assize tremendous now is near,
 ' When we must all before their Prince appear.
 ' But shall we tamely at his bar attend,
 ' And to the tyrant's sword or scepter bend?
 ' No! valiant Pow'rs, we'll then our foes engage—
 ' O'erturn their thrones in our tremendous rage—
 ' Deluge their host with our infernal fire—
 ' And burn up heav'n—or in th' attempt expire.
 ' But let us prudently conceal our scheme,
 ' And, while we hence are led, submissive seem,
 ' Till godlike life release our limbs confin'd,
 ' And godlike strength our sever'd sinews bind ;
 ' Till Gog and Magog, and our hosts from far
 ' Be all conven'd before the burning bar.'
 Replies the Dragon—' Well dost thou advise ;
 ' Good are thy reasons, and thy counsel wise.
 ' What better plan, my Nobles, can be laid?
 ' Or what defect in what my Lord hath said?
 ' Full approbation in your eyes I read,
 ' Therefore, ye follow when and where I lead :

' Rush not before me, neither lag behind;
 ' Be all attention, and my motion mind.
 ' While angels loose us from these fiery coasts,
 ' Collect together all our distant hosts,
 ' And bid us stand before the bar supreme,
 ' Stir not a hand, nor let a tongue blaspheme;
 ' Conceal your weapons, and disguise your rage,
 ' Till ye receive my signal to engage;
 ' Then, swift and furious as these raging flames
 ' Fall on the foe; regard not age, or names;
 ' Deal death around; shew lenity to none;
 ' While I fling vengeance at th' eternal Son:
 ' Dread nought, my heroes! nor to angels yield,
 ' And quit existence ere ye quit the field.
 ' Brave are your chiefs, and numberless your host;
 ' Your endless All that day is gain'd or lost!
 ' The *worst* ye know, to live confin'd in hell!
 ' The *best*, how glorious I can scarcely tell—
 ' To conquer gods, and in their regions dwell!
 ' Then, my bold legions! heav'n and death defy;
 ' Quit ye like gods, and gods subdue, or die!'

P A R T III.

WHILE the arch Fiend is counselling his crew
 How they with Michael should their war renew,
 Ten thousand legions of bright angels stand
 Before hell's gates, at Heav'n's supreme command.
 Th' enormous gates before them open fly;
 They hear the rattling chains, th' infernal cry,
 And view the flames which never, never die!
 Struck at the sight, astonish'd at the sound,
 Th' adoring seraphs bend with awe profound!
 Unusual strains are pour'd from every tongue;
 Unusual ardor flames in every song:
 While the blest realms where spotless angels dwell
 Appear most bright from the dark verge of hell.
 The howling prisoners see the shining hosts,
 And instantly the foul blaspheming ghosts
 Cease to blaspheme, intreat a quick release,
 And feign obedience to the Prince of peace.

To whom the mighty potentates proclaim;
 ' You must appear before the Judge Supreme;
 ' Quit your deep dungeon, and ascend the skies,
 ' And orderly attend the grand assize'.

The loyal armies of th' eternal King,
 From the dark gaol the fetter'd prisoners bring :
 In two vast hosts the rebels move along,
 And the wide portals of Destruction throng;
 Like num'rous, black, and pond'rous clouds they fly,
 And hugely darken the surrounding sky;
 While the loud rattling of their cumb'rous chains
 Re-echoes grating through th' ethereal plains.
 Ere they arrive at Salem's glitt'ring gate,
 Or stand before JEHOVAH's sov'reign seat,
 The dreadful trumpet's shrill tremendous sound
 Rends the wide heav'ns, and cleaves the trembling ground,
 Wakes the foul bodies of the impious dead,
 And bids them rise from their polluted bed.
 Where *once* his tent the wand'ring shepherd spread,
 Or the low cot expos'd his turf-capt head—
 Or Arabs rov'd—or Indians rang'd the wood—
 Or nimble oars play'd on the yielding flood—
 Or palaces, towns, cities, temples stood—
 Or gliding streams in wanton windings flow'd—
 Or herbage smil'd—or golden harvest bow'd—
 Or glitt'ring armies throng'd the spacious plain—
 Or thund'ring fleets rode on the furious main—
 Now human dust in various shapes ascends,
 And each effluvium to its owner tends.
 Earth, air, and water, in wild motion-dance;
 Atoms to atoms in swift clouds advance:
 Bones fellow-bones, limbs fellow-limbs, rejoin,
 And kindred-nerve the frightful form intwine:
 Each particle to life and motion springs,
 And new-fram'd eyes stare on eternal things.
 The base, the noble, ignorant, and wise,
 The young, and old,—in crouds promiscuous rise:
 Illustrious monarchs and their abject slaves
 Crawl alike wretched from their mingled graves:
 Various degrees of turpitude alone
 Form the distinctions now among them known.
 How vast the numbers pouring from the tomb!
 The spacious world can scarcely yield them room.

But ah ! how hideous and deform'd they rise !
 How pale their faces, and how fierce their eyes !
 What flaming fury and tormenting fear,
 And lowring horror, in their looks appear !
 What loathsome wounds and raging ulcers stare
 On their black count'nance, and their guilt declare !
 Exquisite beauties, once by kings rever'd,
 Are ghastly spectres, and by heroes fear'd.
 Jovial companions, once in vice agreed,
 Curse each the other, and each other's deed :
 Loud execrations and infernal cries
 Ring horribly through the far-echoing skies.
 The wretched soul the wretched body meets,
 And looks ! and trembles ! and aghast retreats !
 While ev'ry fibre shudders at the pain,
 From its connection with the mind again :
 But ah ! incens'd Omnipotence rejoins
 The guilty pair in everlasting chains.

The Dead all raised from the rended tomb,
 And Satan loos'd from hell's profoundest gloom,
 Now, now begins the dreadful day of doom !
 The JUDGE ! the JUDGE ! the Sov'reign JUDGE ascends
 His lofty seat ! all heav'n the God attends !
 Sapphire and gold form his refulgent throne ;
 No more the cross ; no more the dying groan !
 Celestial light his radiant robe adorns,
 And in his face celestial glory burns ;
 Grace, wisdom, love, and majesty divine,
 Justice and vengeance in his count'nance shine :
 Heav'n, earth, and hell, before his throne convene,
 And wond'ring worlds gaze on the solemn scene.
 All eyes behold Him through the countless crowd ;
 The envious, wanton, merciless, and proud :
 The impious Gentile and malicious Jew,
 With wailing see the God they pierc'd and slew.
 Th' exalted JUDGE looks awfully around ;
 Life in his smiles, death in his frowns—are found :
 The happy saints are plac'd on his right-hand ;
 And on the left, th' ungodly trembling stand,
 The books are open'd ! foul offences read !
 The righteous triumph, and the guilty dread !
 Divine Omniscience reads distinctly o'er,
 Her register of sins unknown before ;

All heinous crimes, from human eyes conceal'd,
Are there recorded, and are now reveal'd.
What deeds of darkness, odious, and unjust!
What hidden scenes of cruelty and lust!
Murder and whoredom screen'd by gloomy night,
Are now expos'd to men's and angels fight!
What black designs enwrap't in sully'd thought,
Are now to light, are now to judgment brought!

The various volumes of Creation stand
Widely unfolded at the dread command:
The earth and skies, by fire demolish'd, find
A fresh existence in the guilty mind.
HE, mighty GOD, who made the dumb to speak,
Now bids all Nature her long silence break;
Straight, secret Silence tries her new-form'd tongue,
And, mounted high, declares each hidden wrong.
The gloomy night now turns refulgent day,
And darkest shades far darker scenes display.
Abused beasts, abused bounties bring
Their righteous cause before the righteous King.
The ground where Abel and where Naboth bled,
Calls out for vengeance on the murderers head.
The watchful lamp that ey'd the midnight dance,
Discovers clearly the polluted glance,
The robber's booty, and the ruffian's lance:
The stately walls of splendid mansions cry,
Responsive beams; and sounding roofs reply;
And loudly publish to the listening skies,
The owner's crimes beneath their vain disguise,
And how they trembled o'er his guilty eyes.
Rome, Paris, Smithfield faithfully disclose
The blood of martyrs, and the churches woes.
The flaming sun that pour'd the noon-day light,
The faithful moon that watch'd the silent night,
And blushing stars which view'd each odious sight,
Infinite millions of black deeds proclaim,
The date, the place, and the offenders name.
But lo! on Calvary spreads a purple stain,
Where (awful truth!) the LORD of life was slain,
That flames damnation in the ruffians eyes,
Asks tenfold vengeance, and with loudest cries.
The anxious guilty read their crimes anew,
And, silent, feel each accusation true.

The sacred law on awful Sinai giv'n,
 Transgress'd on earth, tho' wisely form'd in heav'n,
 Whether engrav'd on stones, or heathen minds,
 Claims ample justice, ample justice finds.
 Ne'er Sinai shook so terribly before,
 Nor Israel heard so loud a tempest roar;
 But fiercer flames, and louder thund'rings still,
 And blacker smoke, now roll on Zion's hill.
 The light that shone through Revelation's sky
 Flashes incessant in the Deist's eye!
 The charming tidings of salvation sound
 Tremendous wrath, and spread damnation round!
 Heav'n's injur'd patience, and despised grace,
 Thunder revenge against the rebel-race:
 The piercing voice of expiating blood,
 Beneath the feet of vile blasphemers trod,
 Now tears asunder their tormented soul,
 The chief in guilt, and foulest of the foul.
 All actions, words, and thoughts are scrutiniz'd,
 Nor longer lies hypocrisy disguis'd:
 By Heav'n's just laws th' impartial Judge proceeds,
 Deals all men justice, as He finds their deeds.
 Each aggravation with exactness weighs,
 And to each work its proper wages pays.
 Condemn'd before the Ethiopian Queen,
 The Jewish scribe and Jewish priest are seen.
 Gomorrah, Sodom, Nineveh, and Tyre,
 Doom proud Chorazin to severer fire.
 Deluded Arabs and blind Pagans shame
 A world that bore the sacred Christian name.
 European Kings, more black than Indian slaves,
 Must plunge far deeper in infernal waves.
 Nor pompous title, nor exalted post,
 Nor robe, nor mitre, vain Ambition's boast!
 Nor gifts of Nature, nor the charms of Art,
 Nor pious form without a pious heart,
 Nor fruitless faith, could it huge mountains move,
 Nor flaming zeal, without celestial love,
 Nor pow'r, nor wealth, nor human merit's claim,
 Nor learned eloquence, nor sounding fame—
 Can screen the sinner from the quenchless flame.
 The book of life displays its golden lines,
 Where the salvation of the righteous shines:

The Judge aloud reads o'er their precious names,
 And all their deeds of purity proclaims;
 Nor one offence of the redeem'd is found,
 Their sins are cover'd, and pollution drown'd;
 Their bad deeds pardon'd, and their spotted good
 Are wash'd and whiten'd in atoning blood;
 The Mediator's pierced side they plead,
 And in his scars their dear redemption read:
 Devils are dumb; all men and angels own
 They're justly sav'd, and sav'd by Grace alone;
 While in their Judge with joy they contemplate
 Their smiling Friend, and able Advocate;
 Behold their Saviour on the judgment-seat,
 And hear him speak in sounds divinely sweet;—
 'Come, ye, my Father's best beloved sons!
 'My friends, my brethren, my redeemed ones!
 'Possess the kingdom, range the realms of joy,
 'Where glory fades not, pleasures never cloy:
 'Sit near my throne, and in my brightness shine;
 'Feast at my board, and drink celestial wine:
 'Me ye obey'd, and my reproach ye bare,
 'Now in my joy, and in my triumph share;
 'Eternal pleasures shall reward your pain,
 'While ye with me in radiant glory reign:
 'In heav'n's fair regions ye henceforth reside,
 'Where pure delights in streams perpetual glide—
 'Where fragrant groves perfume the atmosphere—
 'Melodious seraphs charm th' unwearied ear—
 'New glorious scenes eternally arise,
 'Afresh to ravish your immortal eyes—
 'Seraphic love its sacred fire displays—
 'Unchanging friendship blends her blissful rays—
 'And where JEHOVAH from his boundless stores
 'Incessantly a full perfection pours;
 'Nor sin, nor pain, invade your blest abode;
 'There ever see your ever-smiling GOD!
 Then turns the Judge his awful frowning face,
 Toward th' unjust of each rebellious race,
 And thus proceeds; 'Ye filthy fiends of hell,
 'Who once in bright celestial realms did dwell!
 'How could you dare offend the King supreme—
 'Insult your Sov'reign, and his name blaspheme—

- ‘ Deface your Maker’s fairest work below—
- ‘ Involve a world in never-ending woe—
- ‘ Torture and murder my obedient bands—
- ‘ Oppose my reign—and pierce my healing hands?
- ‘ Depart from me, ye execrable crew!
- ‘ To quenchless fire prepar’d in hell for you.’
- ‘ And, ye apostates of the human race!
- ‘ Who dar’d my vengeance, and despis’d my grace—
- ‘ In the foul paths of disobedience trod—
- ‘ Contemn’d the worship and the laws of GOD—
- ‘ Revil’d my saints, and shed my martyrs blood!
- ‘ Depart from me, ye cursed! into hell,
- ‘ And ever with devouring burnings dwell:
- ‘ Satan ye serv’d; his wages now receive;
- ‘ Alike in guilt, alike in torment live.’

At this, the Dragon in a dreadful rage,
 Raves at the Judge, and bids all hell engage;
 Th’ infernal furies instantly blaspheme—
 Curse horribly JEHOVAH’s awful name—
 With hideous noise, in legions numberless,
 Charge the saints camp—the gates of Salem press—
 Burn to demolish her fair walls around,
 Raze her high tow’rs, and plow her hallow’d ground—
 But rapid streams of fierce sulphureous fire,
 Kindled by Heav’n’s incens’d tremendous ire,
 With furious force from bursting vengeance fall
 On the foul fiends, and overwhelm them all,
 Impetuous bear them down a dreadful steep,
 And lodge them rolling in the burning deep.
 Satan, the serpent, the devouring beast,
 The lying prophet and his bloody priest,
 The scoffing tribe on either side the flood,
 And murderers who spill’d the harmless blood,
 Idolaters, and the deistic race,
 Who scorn’d the SAVIOUR, and contemn’d his grace;
 The forcerer, the drunkard, the unclean,
 The slanderer, the lyar, and prophane;
 The covetous, th’ oppressor, and the proud,
 And hypocrites, and all the impious crowd,—
 Are toss’d incessant on the fiery wave,
 And gnash their teeth, and howl, and foam, and rave.
 Guilt, horror, wrath, despair, and anguish roll
 Like flaming surges o’er the sinking soul:

Malice, revenge, and enmity with GOD,
And rage, and fury,—fill their black abode:
Vengeance divine eternally o'erwhelms,
Like burning sulphur, their infernal realms;
Perpetual smoke their torments upward send;
Nor ever will their direful tortures end:
And all the rays of light the rebels know
Are sparks of wrath, and only seen to show
How brightly shines the righteous nation now.

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P A R T IV.

THUS have I sang, O man, in solemn strains,
The awful truths Heav'n's sacred creed contains.
Pure Revelation and right Reason join
Their kindred voice to prove my theme divine.
Oft has the former pierc'd thine echoing ear,
Now loud the thunder of the latter hear.

Doth man possess a vast amazing mind,
As wide as space, by matter unconfined,
Alone to animate a clod of clay,
And only for a short tempestuous day?
To rove ignoble, useless, and obscure,
Like lawless beasts, and greater pains endure?
Doth Reason beam in Afric's sooty sons,
Alone to crouch around despotic thrones—
Or, captive led, beneath huge labor groan—
Or bask inglorious on the burning Zone?
Do Indian tribes possess a noble soul,
But, lion-like, wild deserts to control?
Is understanding exquisitely bright,
Kindled to yield so dim, so short a light,
And to be quench'd in everlasting night?
Shall narrow time and mould'ring dust confine
Unbounded thought, and pow'rs almost divine?
Has Heav'n created Rationals in vain,
Or soon to sleep ne'er to awake again?
Shall these Aurelias ne'er to motion spring—
Range thro' wide realms on Thought's unweary'd wing—
And radiant Reason's glowing plumes display,
In the bright sunshine of eternal day?

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Nor mental darkness, nor corporeal pains,
 Alone have spread o'er spacious Pagan plains,
 (Which prove, and need the blazing future day,
 To show how just and wise JEHOVAH's way;)

The smoke of hell, and clouds of blackest crimes,
 Have cover'd Christian and Barbarian climes,
 Have overwhelm'd and darken'd Reason's ray—
 Eclips'd refulgent Revelation's day—
 Obstructed Heav'n's benign and living light—
 And form'd a woful universal night:
 A night wherein the beasts of slaughter howl,
 The roaring lion, and the screeching owl;
 The filthy sons of darkness riot loud,
 The furious, wanton, obdurate, and proud:
 Beneath its shade of black infernal hue,
 Cain, first of murderers, his brother slew;
 Ten thousand execrable ruffian hands
 Shed harmless gore in civilized lands:
 O murd'rous Egypt! O more murd'rous Rome!
 Drench'd with saints' blood! expect thy dreadful doom;
 But chiefly thou, O cursed Palestine!
 O'erwhelm'd with blood! o'erwhelm'd with blood divine!
 More direful spears, O sons of rage and pride!
 Shall pierce your hearts who pierc'd the SAVIOUR's side,
 With Murder, *Whoredom* has its thousands slain,
 From the tall Monarch to the servile Swain;
 Has delug'd earth with filthiness and guilt—
 The blood of prophets and of empires spilt—
 Impov'rish'd princes—dealt the loathsome wound—
 Kindled revenge—and flung confusion round.
 Ye impious herd, high-fed for ruin, mourn!
 Your joy to grief, your mirth to howling turn;
 A holy GOD, whose laws ye now deride,
 Ere long will plunge you in the fiery tide.

Now Mammon's sons, with iron hands, oppress
 The weeping widow and the fatherless:—
 Ye tyrants, tremble! orphans have a friend,
 Who hears their cries to list'ning Heav'n ascend;
 His wrath shall soon your rav'nous bowels rend.

In ev'ry empire, and in ev'ry age,
 Heav'n's sheep have smok'd to Persecution's rage:—
 Ye ruthless murd'ers of the saints of GOD!
 The deepest hell shall be your dark abode.

Malice, Revenge, and diabolic Pride,
 And sins unnumber'd, a tremendous tide,
 Impetuous, like the Patriarch's flood, o'erwhelm
 Each potent kingdom, each extensive realm.
 Ye Infidels, ye Atheistic race!
 Ye wanton mockers of redeeming Grace!
 Where will you hide your proud obnoxious head,
 When thund'ring Vengeance wakes the wicked dead,
 And the unbounded concave of the sky
 Burns like an oven, and worlds in torture die?
 Like the dry stubble to the burning doom'd,
 Shall ye, O sons of pride, be then consum'd.

Is there a GOD? and is HE INFINITE
 In knowledge, justice, majesty, and might?
 Doth His arm rule, doth His omniscience know
 All worlds and things above—around—below?
 And shall His wisdom, purity, and pow'r,
 For ever a rebellious race endure?
 Shall His bright justice clouds eternal wear,
 And ne'er to men in fairer form appear?
 Now proud blasphemers bear a sov'reign sway,
 Heav'n's pow'r deride, and on the righteous prey:
 Oppressors prosper, rav'nous Tyrants reign;
 While Virtue bleeds, and Innocence is slain;
 The Impious live in pleasure, honour, health,
 Then die at ease, and leave their babes their wealth;
 While precious Saints through life with sorrow sigh,
 Reside in dungeons, and in torture die.
 But doth the KING Eternal and Supreme,
 Like Gallio, care not whether men blaspheme,
 Or praise, harmonious, His tremendous name?
 Doth HE with equal approbation view
 The tortur'd JESUS and the murd'ring Jew?—
 Say, with the fool, 'There is no God,' or own
 The future judgments of his radiant throne.

Whence self-reproach and horror rend the heart,
 If spirits perish when they hence depart?
 Is guilt an arrow from the bow of Time?
 Heart-burning guilt? and for a *secret* crime?
 Is flesh the arm that twangs the mighty bow,
 That shoots the conscience of a Judas through?
 Why do the Scoffer and the impious Rake,
 Belshazzar-like, at death's appearance quake?

Why in death's presence serious?—penitent?—
 Why *then* receive the slighted sacrament?—
 Why ask the prayers, why seek to be advis'd,
 Of those, in health, they scornfully despis'd?—
 Or banish guilt, nor feel Conviction's sting,
 Or, sinner, own the sacred truth I sing.

Rouse then, Britannia! rouse! awake! arise!
 Hear the tramp sound! behold the kindling skies!
 Prepare to meet thine awful Judge, prepare!
 Nor think his fiery indignation far.
 Fly! fly for mercy! fly for refuge! fly!
 Forsake thy sins, thy sins of deepest dye.
 Each loathsome vice in thee triumphant reigns,
 And Error grasps thee in her rusty chains.
 Doth not Ambition in thy bosom burn?
 Doth not thy land because of swearing mourn?
 Doth not Corruption, Treachery, and Guile,
 Pride, and Prophaneness, dreadfully defile,
 And dire Oppression crush—thy tott'ring isle?
 Hath not red Murder thy broad rivers dy'd,
 And Whoredom blacken'd thy surrounding tide?
 Do not the Righteous thro' thy borders sigh,
 Fair Virtue bleed, and pure Religion die,
 And is not GOD thine awful enemy?
 Thy crying sins ring in JEHOVAH's ear!
 Thy scarlet crimes before his face appear!
 Rich are the gifts kind Heav'n on thee bestows;
 But where's the heart that with thanksgiving glows?
 Celestial Truth is fallen in thy street,
 And glorious Grace is trod beneath thy feet.
 Oh! blush with shame! dissolve with pious grief!
 Nor longer be to Heav'n's loud warnings deaf.
 What friend but trembles at thy final fate,
 And dreads the downfall of thy bending state!
 Behold, behold JEHOVAH's vengeance nigh!
 Behold her wave her flaming sword on high!
 And to His grace for speedy pardon fly!
 Cease to provoke the SOV'REIGN of the skies—
 Contemn His anger, and His love despise—
 Desert His temple, and His laws deride—
 And sink in lux'ry, ignorance, and pride.
 Still the glad tidings of Salvation sound,
 And Mercy echoes thro' thy plains around.

CONFLAGRATION.

Return! return! to God, in tears return!
And at His feet thy bold rebellion mourn,
Ere kindling vengeance thy fair island burn!
And ye, blest servants of the Lord of love!
Whose hearts, and joys, and treasures dwell above,
Exalt your heads, exalt your voices high;
Behold the day of your redemption nigh!
Dread not the rage of the wide-spreading flame
Dissolving worlds, and rending Nature's frame;
The fiery flood, this rebel-orb o'erwhelms,
Will waft you joyful to celestial realms.
So rode the Patriarch on the swelling tide,
While deep beneath him shoals of Scoffers dy'd;
So sail'd he, fearless, to the land of peace,
And sang the wonders of surprizing Grace.
Rouse, O my soul! and realize the day
That soon will burn these with'ring worlds away!
Expand thy views beyond the bounds of Time—
Th' eternal hills of heav'nly Canaan climb—
Hence behold with wonder, joy, and praise,
And there beneath in one tremendous blaze:
The globes beneath, and with saints adore
There sing with seraphs, and with saints adore
The Grace that steer'd thee to the blissful shore;
The blissful shore, the fair celestial plains,
Where angels dwell, where JESUS ever reigns.

F I N I S.

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This image shows a blank, aged, light brown page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a textured, slightly mottled appearance with various creases and discolorations. A prominent dark diagonal line runs across the bottom right corner, possibly indicating a fold or a tear. The overall tone is a warm, light brown or tan.